

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1902.

NO. 10.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
5:55 A. M. Daily.  
7:25 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.  
8:45 A. M. Daily.  
4:51 P. M. Daily.  
5:54 P. M. Daily.

## SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.  
8:10 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.  
12:10 P. M. Daily.  
4:00 P. M. Daily.  
7:00 P. M. Daily.  
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

**Change of Time Which Went Into Effect**  
February 5th, 1900.  
Cars leave Holy Cross.  
6:14, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.  
and every 15 minutes thereafter until  
3:31 P. M. 3:45, 4:17, 4:38, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21  
and every 15 minutes thereafter until  
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,  
10:21, 10:33, 11:23.  
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.  
First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and  
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.  
Time cards can be obtained by applying to  
conductors or office at 30th St.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAIL ARRIVE.

From the North.....	7:05	12:20
" South.....	7:05	4:15

## MAIL CLOSES.

North.....	8:50	12:30
" South.....	6:30	4:30

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
F. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

Suits in quo warranto have been brought in Ohio to revoke the charters of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad Company, the Ohio Central Railway Company, the Kanawha and Michigan Railway Company, the Buckeye Coal and Railway Company and the Sunday Creek Coal Company. The charters of the companies are attacked on the ground that they are controlled and operated as one in violation of the State laws forbidding combinations in restraint of trade and the consolidation of parallel lines of railroad. The properties mentioned are all popularly supposed to be controlled by the Morgan syndicate. It is charged that they have conspired together to limit the production of coal, while increasing the price of shipment and the cost to the consumer. It is charged that the railroads named are in a combination in violation of the law as to freight and passenger rates, covering all forms of traffic. The companies are charged with shutting off the supply of coal to manufacturers and fixing a common standard for all their operations. It is asserted that the Hocking Valley Railway pays taxes on \$4,696,060, whereas the company's taxable property is in reality \$45,658,605.77.

The announcement of King Edward's intention to open Parliament in full state and the intimation from the Lord Chamberlain that peeresses will not be expected to wear mourning on that occasion insures a brilliant pageant on January 16th, and the commencement of a period of festivity and costly entertainments from then on until the climax is reached in the coronation ceremony in June. Preparations for the opening of Parliament are already advanced. Their majesties will use gilded state coach and follow the same route as in February last. The Queen and the ladies of the court will appear in colors and jewels.

## WORLD'S NEWS IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

### Happenings of Interest in Both Hemispheres Told in Brief Items.

The Lion Fire Insurance Company of London has reinsured its Pacific Coast business in the Niagara Fire Insurance Company of New York, William J. Landers of San Francisco, manager of the Lion, becoming manager of the Niagara.

It has been definitely decided that the King will open Parliament in person on January 16th. With a view to providing accommodations for the members of the House of Commons and avoiding the scenes that occurred on the occasion of his majesty's accession, a raised platform is being erected in the House of Lords, where the strangers' gallery will also be reserved for members of the lower house.

A substantial agreement on the subject of arbitration was practically reached by the several delegations to the Pan-American Conference in the City of Mexico. Contrary to what had been anticipated it is almost sure that the agreement is unanimous, including even Argentina, which country it was thought would refuse to sign any but a compulsory scheme of arbitration. The basis of agreement is simply The Hague convention.

In reference to a claim to the Treasury Department, Secretary Root of the War Department has rendered the following opinion: "The insurrection in the Philippines against the sovereignty of the United States and the authority of the government of the Philippines is of such character and extent as requires the United States to prosecute its rights by military force, and, therefore, creates the condition of war in said archipelago."

A personal friend of Rear-Admiral Sampson has received a letter from Mrs. Sampson in which she says that the mental condition of the admiral is beyond recovery. In it she says: "Admiral Sampson is too ill to really understand your most kind letter, just received. My dear husband is quite worn out with a long life of concentrated duty. Physically he is comfortable and happy, but the brain is tired beyond ever being rested."

A bill has been drafted at the request of Governor Nash providing for a corporation tax in Ohio. The bill combines the features of the Littlefield bill, now pending in Congress, the New York law and some new ideas suggested by Governor Nash and Secretary of State Laylin. It provides for publicity in the affairs of the corporations in Ohio, for penalties for perjury in making annual statements to the Secretary of State, and for an annual tax of all corporations doing business in Ohio.

One of the most interesting features of this time of year is the preparations of the banks in New York, Boston and Philadelphia for disbursing the January interest and dividends, which for these three financial centers alone are estimated at over \$200,000,000. It is roughly estimated that \$150,000,000 will be disbursed in New York, while some declare that \$35,000,000 will be paid out in Boston and \$25,000,000 in Philadelphia. These are the largest amounts on record for the purposes mentioned. In preparing for the event the large institutions find it necessary to materially contract loans.

Before the tetanus court of inquiry in St. Louis Henry R. Taylor, janitor for the chemical and bacteriological divisions of the Health Department, admitted under oath that he issued for public use the toxic anti-diphtheritic serum, which caused the recent deaths of thirteen children from tetanus. He distributed the vials of poisonous mixture properly labeled, he stated, because the supply of diphtheria anti-toxine had become exhausted early in October, and he did not believe that the serum was "bad enough to kill children." Taylor is a negro. He has held city positions for many years.

Six men were fatally wounded in a general fight at a small country church at Pike Postoffice, Ohio, Thursday night, and a panic took place among the worshippers. A series of religious meetings was in progress at the church and the building was filled when Charles and Orrin Day appeared, slightly intoxicated and announced that they had "come to clear out the Leggs," a family with which the Days had had frequent quarrels. A general fight resulted, in the church and around it. Women and children sought safety from revolvers and knives by jumping out of the windows. Only the minister, Mr. Rowe, remained. At the lowered to the burghers.

close six men lay fatally hurt and many others were wounded.

Grand Master Charles Reed of the Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York has addressed a letter to the lodges within his jurisdiction warning them against clandestine and spurious lodges which he learns are about to be established in the jurisdiction. He, therefore, counsels the craft to exercise great care in the admission of visitors.

Arrangements have been entered into between the Marconi company and the London and Brighton Railway and the corresponding French Railway Company to have an installation of a permanent character between New Haven and Dieppe. The departure of boats will be signaled, with instructions as to the amount of luggage, number of passengers and other useful information, and it will no longer be necessary for the friends of the passengers to wait hours at either end when fog has delayed the boats starting.

It is evidently the intention of the Diamond Match Company to secure a monopoly on the match industry of the world. President O. C. Barber and General Superintendent W. M. Graves of that company have just returned from Europe, where they have been looking after their German match-making interests, and have been investigating conditions in other countries.

A dispatch has been received from Lord Kitchener, dated Johannesburg, saying: "General Rundle reports that on the night of December 24th, Colonel Firman's camp at Zeefontein, consisting of three companies of Yeomanry and two guns, was successfully rushed by a strong commando under De Wet. It is feared the casualties were heavy. Two regiments of Light Horse are pursuing Boers." Boer resistance has always been strong in that part of the Orange River colony which was the scene of De Wet's Christmas coup. A great quadrangle of blockhouses is being built there. At the southeast corner of this quadrangle is an open space from Bethlehem to Lindley, where the square of blockhouses is still incomplete, and here De Wet made his attack. Colonel Firman's force probably amounted to 400 men, and the disaster, especially the loss of guns, the possession of which may enable De Wet successfully to attack the blockhouses, creates a disturbing impression.

## FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

Count Joseph Potocki's loss of about \$800,000 in four hours' baccarat play at the Jockey Club in Vienna has directed attention again to the scandalous gambling in that coterie, which is deliberately winked at by the police. The stakes were \$25,000 a time. A Hungarian deputy, Herr von Szemere, won \$500,000. He never could have paid that sum had he lost, and intended to shoot himself if fortune proved adverse. Prince Francis Braganza, who won \$250,000, is only 23 years old, yet he has already had serious financial crises owing to his gambling. His aunt is Emperor Francis Joseph's sister-in-law. Potocki has undertaken to pay his debts in installments by next May. His fortune is estimated at \$25,000,000.

A cable to the World from London says: Alfred Harmsworth manifests in a signed statement great despondency regarding the British trade outlook. He says: "One way of waking up England would be to insist upon the members of the Cabinet occasionally leaving their own country to see for themselves what is being done by our commercial enemies. One week in the United States would bring home the most unpleasant fact that at the present moment the individual American is a great deal more efficient and industrious than the individual Briton. When we were the captains of the world's industries the traveling Englishman was a notable figure in both hemispheres. In these days the traveling Englishman has given way to the traveling American and German. Our pre-eminence has been destroyed by a stay-at-home self-complacency."

Rumors regarding steps toward the re-establishment of peace in South Africa have been prevalent for many weeks in London. Negotiations for peace, informal but extremely promising, are actually proceeding between Lord Kitchener and the Boer leaders in the field. General Louis Botha has already received assurances that the burned homesteads of Boers will be rebuilt at the cost of the British imperial exchequer. He has also been informed, if peace can be arranged, that the banished leaders will be permitted to return to their country within twelve months of the official proclamation of a settlement, and that within the same period an amnesty, which shall include convicted Cape rebels, will be declared for all bona fide acts of war. Practically the only question of importance still at issue is the form and extent of local self-government which shall be allowed to the burghers.

## REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S TRADE

### Extraordinary Activity in Business During the Past Twelve Months.

#### ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS WERE EXCEEDED

##### The Railways Found It Absolutely Impossible to Handle the Immense Volume of Traffic That Was Offered to Them for Transportation.

New York.—The annual review of American trade, finance and industry prepared by Bradstreet's declares 1901 to be a "record breaker" among the five succeeding years of commercial expansion enjoyed by the United States. Its pre-eminence, the review states, was all the more notable because it suffered from a combination of happenings that in a normal year would have proved depressing, if not disastrous. Enumerated in the latter are the machinists' and steel strikes, the stock panic of May, the failure of several imprudently managed combinations, the efforts of some combinations, including that in copper, to fix prices, the shortage in corn, cotton and oats, and the assassination of President McKinley.

Summarizing the general situation, the review says: Briefly summarized, the year has seen transacted an aggregate of general business as reflected in bank clearings, far in excess of any preceding period—has witnessed stock speculation, rampant beyond the dreams of old-time brokers, checked and curtailed by one of the sharpest stock panics in history and yet with a remarkable minimum of disturbance of general financial operations; has watched general industry and production grow steadily until new and large figures were needed to express the outputs of coal and ore and iron and steel and leather and lumber and a multitude of other branches; has seen the freight transportation facilities of the country strained to the breaking point, prove insufficient to handle the volume of business offered and finally has witnessed a volume of holiday business passing all previous bounds both in quantity and quality, and the vastly increased purchasing power of the public in late years.

From the standpoint of the present estimate the clearings this year will exceed the highest records of preceding years by one-fourth. Gross railway earnings have increased 12 per cent, and net returns have gained 16 per cent over the best preceding year.

Pig iron production will be not far from one-seventh larger than the heaviest ever before recorded. Shoe production and shipments and larger leather production have been apparent. Iron production and shipments were never before equaled. Anthracite coal production will be fully 10 per cent larger than last year and 5 per cent heavier than the record. Woolen manufacturing has been helped by the low cost of material and good demand for clothing.

JAMES J. HILL'S SHREWD MOVE.

Will Seek to Quiet Opposition to Great Railroad Combine by Reducing Rates.

Chicago.—James J. Hill is going to make the fight of his life to swing public sentiment in the Northwest in favor of the Burlington combination and the Northern Securities Company. In pursuance of this plan the Northern Pacific and Great Northern will soon make public a revision of their principal freight tariffs covering the territory between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast. The new tariffs will make a material reduction over those in effect at present, and will therefore cause a considerable flurry among the transcontinental systems.

It is the belief of Hill that radical reductions in freight rates will turn sentiment in favor of his big combination, or will, at least, make the public apathetic regarding the coming attack of Governor Van Sant. If the great combinations of railroad capital bring reductions in carrying charges it is to be presumed that the residents of the great Northwest will declare that the more there are of such combinations the better it will be for the Northwest.

Hill's purpose is also more far reaching than this. It has been his dream to build up the territory through which the Great Northern runs and to make Duluth the greatest grain-shipping center in the United States. He realizes that the Far Northwest has many products which the Middle West and East will need and are needing to-day. But until the markets of the East can be brought within reach of the products of the Far Northwest by suitable transportation rates these products will have to be satisfied with the home markets.

It often pays to kill and eat the hens that are too fat, as often it is a long time before they get to laying again.

of assets to liabilities. It is only 46.4 per cent this year, as against 47.2 per cent a year ago and 52 per cent in 1899 and 1898.

As to prices the review says: "Wheat has reached the highest point since 1898; corn and oats are higher than for almost a decade, and other produce has sympathized. Food products, as a whole, are higher than in the general price boom of 1900, while manufactures are lower, notable in this respect being leather, textiles, coal and coke, naval stores, building materials, chemicals and drugs and miscellaneous products. Prices as a whole are 8 per cent lower than in February, 1900, and December, 1899, but are higher than in any year from 1893 until the third quarter of 1899. If other products follow the lead of food products, as is not unusual, a further advance of the former is not unlikely. Iron and steel prices seem to lead in this latter-day advance, but the other metals have broken away from them and copper, lead and tin are weakening, the result of failures of injudicious attempts at controlling production. Food products, largely imported, like coffee and sugar, have reached the low water mark prices on large production."

In summarizing the foreign trade the review declares that there has been a falling off in the demand abroad for American iron, steel and copper, a loss in profits in cotton exports, a reduction in the exports of corn and oats, phenomenal wheat shipments and larger shipments of animals and provisions.

Exports are estimated at \$1,435,000,000 or 1 per cent less than the record of last year. This calculation treats Porto Rico and Hawaii as American territory. As to imports the review declares: "Imports have gained slightly—they will aggregate at least \$875,000,000, a gain of 5.5 per cent over 1900, leaving the balance of domestic exports over imports not far from \$500,000,000, or the third largest excess in the country's history."

The review states that the activity in transportation was unprecedented. The outlook is treated, in conclusion, as follows: Many elements of strength and some of the opposite character present themselves to view. The quietness of export trade, checked by relatively higher prices here and lack of new demand abroad, particularly in Germany, which country is reported selling tea and products below cost, are obstacles to increased shipments by this country. On the other hand English trade advices are rather better and the predicted early suspension of hostilities in South Africa and the resumption of large gold shipments from that section, are favorable features presenting themselves. Europe apparently must buy our wheat and cotton freely, but as long as domestic activity in trade, particularly iron and steel continues, the need of a foreign outlet is not regarded as pressing. If only a portion of the high hopes indulged in as a result of the recent conferences of capital and labor materialize, industrial peace and good commercial feeling and prosperity will have been powerfully furthered."

JAMES J. HILL'S SHREWD MOVE.

Will Seek to Quiet Opposition to Great Railroad Combine by Reducing Rates.

Chicago.—James J. Hill is going to make the fight of his life to swing public sentiment in the Northwest in favor of the Burlington combination and the Northern Securities Company. In pursuance of this plan the Northern Pacific and Great Northern will soon make public a revision of their principal freight tariffs covering the territory between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast. The new tariffs will make a material reduction over those in effect at present, and will therefore cause a considerable flurry among the transcontinental systems.

It is the belief of Hill that radical reductions in freight rates will turn sentiment in favor of his big combination, or will, at least, make the public apathetic regarding the coming attack of Governor Van Sant. If the great combinations of railroad capital bring reductions in carrying charges it is to be presumed that the residents of the great Northwest will declare that the more there are of such combinations the better it will be for the Northwest.

Hill's purpose is also more far reaching than this. It has been his dream to build up the territory through which the Great Northern runs and to

# THE ENTERPRISE

B. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Chamfers now hesitate before butting the fast freight.

The Sultan is always a great diplomat until the other fellow gets his gun out.

The Texas game of football seems to be a cross between a railroad collision and a boiler explosion.

Now that an attempt has been made to assassinate her, the Empress Dowager of China feels quite civilized.

John L. Sullivan has joined an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. He may play Little Eva and put some spirit into the piece.

Nearly 17,000,000 American children are to-day attending school—including the million or two that are playing hooky.

Everybody knows that the American people are up to snuff, but it is surprising to learn that they used 16,691,000 pounds of it last year.

They grow very wise men in New England. A hermit in Claremont, N. H., is reported as saying that women are apt to cause trouble.

We knew it would happen. An Illinoisan fell off his bicycle and nearly cut his head off on the edge of the high collar he was wearing. Young men, take warning.

The Duke of Cornwall and York has become the Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. When last heard from, however, Ernest Thompson-Seton had the same name.

Poor Schwab. It has leaked out that he gets only \$225,000 a year for being president of the steel trust. The neighbors must wonder how his wife can afford to have so many new things.

A Georgia man who has been an inveterate smoker all his life has just died at the age of 99. It is not stated whether his trouble was smoker's throat or the tobacco heart, but it is an impressive warning.

There ought to be some way to deprive a clergyman of his authority to perform the marriage ceremony when he makes such misuse of it that the minister who married a boy in knickerbockers to a girl still in short dresses.

Let us be thankful for our political blessings. They may not be all we should receive, but we are so much better off than most other people that an American is liable to feel, after the manner of the pharisee, that he is not as other men, and that his country is not managed after the manner of management given the effete despots.

We should treat the term the "United States" as we treat any other noun which, though plural in form, is sometimes plural, sometimes singular in meaning. In speaking of the United States, when we mean the several States, we use the plural verb; when we mean the nation, or the government entity, which is designated by the term "the United States," we use a singular verb.

The London Globe says that an ingenious but misguided inventor has constructed a staircase which plays tunes as you walk up and down. Sun-dry pins are pressed by the feet and play gongs and drums, while others are connected with collapsible chambers which blow trumpets and other noisy instruments. If this comes into general use, we can imagine father, when he comes in at 1:30, cautiously shamming up the banisters to prevent the stairs hilariously whooping up "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

A family quarrel, brother against brother and aunt against nephew, recently came before a Massachusetts court. The litigants were well-appearing people, the amount in dispute was small, and rather than widen the breach by pronouncing for either side, the judge continued the case and entreated all to settle their differences. "Suppose one of you should die while you are at odds," he said to the brothers. "How the survivor would feel!" If men would only heed it, that thought would quiet all personal dissensions, within families and without. Alas, that any soul should go out into the great mystery unforgiving or unforgiven!

The words of Judge Jones, of Alabama, lately appointed by President Roosevelt Judge of a United States Court, deserve a wider publicity than they have received. The new Judge, "a man of the rugged type, full of simplicity, learning, courage and native force," is not a member of the President's political party, but a stanch Democrat. He was appointed, not for political reasons, but because he seemed the best man for the place. Within a day or two after his nomination he was asked to displace a Republican official of the court and substitute a Democrat. This was his reply: "Do you think when a Republican President forgets party considerations and appoints a Democrat that the Democrat must be so indecent as to ignore the precedent? This office will be administered with an eye single to the interests of integrity and efficiency."

The remark of Mrs. Roosevelt that a woman of society can dress and look

well for \$300 a year is exciting considerable discussion. Mrs. Roosevelt, like her husband, is not accustomed to saying things she does not mean and therefore she adds that she has found the sum mentioned amply sufficient, but that as the President's wife she must probably spend a little more. To those women who support an entire family on \$300 a year the statement of the first lady of the land seems not only reasonable but extravagant, but to the wealthy woman of society \$300 seems a pittance. The latter sometimes pays \$1,000 or more for a single costume. Herbert Spencer traces the innate desire of women for dress down from the rudimentary taste of our savage forefathers and foremothers, though it is not remembered that he has told us why the desire is largely extinct in the male species. Certain it is that the inordinate desire for finery exhibited by many women has led to a husband's bankruptcy. In this country many wealthy women like to flaunt their stunning costumes in public to the envy of their more unfortunate sisters. In Europe, however, there is no such public exhibition. The aristocracy dresses plainly for the public, reserving the expensive wardrobes for balls and court and high private functions. Possibly they are unconsciously following that suggestion of the French writer who, even before the French revolution, advised the "higher classes" to avoid a display before the common people for fear it should irritate the latter. As to the \$300 a year, it should be said that all depends upon the woman. A woman with half or one-third the sum can manage to appear well dressed while another woman with twice or three times as much may look like a "dowdy." So that when the parvenues of society turn up their noses at the suggestion of Mrs. Roosevelt that she can dress for the best society in New York for \$300 a year, it should be remembered that Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman with that intangible thing called taste.

Hassan Darr, a Turk, once wealthy, became poor. It became necessary for him to leave his home country, so he came to New York. He had health and could read and speak seven languages. In New York he found out what hunger meant. He slept in kennels. He associated with people of the gutter, and he ate food that was fit for dogs, not men. Nobody wanted his seven languages. Finally he found a position as interpreter, held it for a while, and lost it because he persistently failed to get to work on time. There is no argument against higher education in this editorial. But education alone doesn't keep men from disaster. It is only worth having when it is coupled with practicality and a generous measure of horse sense. Laziness has kept many people poor. The fellow who is always fifteen minutes behind time is always energetic, wide-awake, pushing fellow, eager to learn and grow and prosper, that there is no place for the other kind. The country is full of young men who do not quite reach. They are almost competent; almost good enough to be foremen, superintendents, cashiers, or fill any of the higher positions in the world of human endeavor. But they lack a sense of responsibility. They are bad when they should be eating breakfast, and eating when they should be on their way to work. Always behind. It is an indictment that has killed many chances of success. We have in mind a young man who had intelligence and muscle. He was working for \$25 a month, and hoping for something better. A friend found an opening, where in three years' time a salary of \$2,000 a year would be the reward of the young man. A short journey was needed to clinch the position, and they arranged to take an early train together. Train time found the man who had acted so kindly waiting, watch in hand, for the youth who had everything to gain by the trip. He didn't go. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes with one hand, groping for his clothes with the other. He said he knew he was late, but "just couldn't get up." And so he lost a glorious chance. If his experience and the doings of the highly educated and very lazy Turk could scare some of the always-behind fellows into activity, they would not have lived in vain.

**Shattered Traditions.**  
"You young scoundrel," exclaimed the unwilling father-in-law, when the eloping couple presented themselves for parental forgiveness and a place to live. "You conscienceless scamp! You stole my daughter away and disregarded all the conventionalities of society. And yet you ask forgiveness!"

"You old scoundrel, what did you do?" retorted the new son-in-law. "What did you do? You let us elope, and did not pursue us on horseback with a shotgun. You have shattered all the traditions of elopements and have blasted all the romance of the affair for us. We might as well have got married to the runty-tum-tum of the church organ, and let you pay the bill. You haven't a spark of appreciation in your make-up!"

Crushed by the merited criticism, the father-in-law invited them in to supper, for they were rather hungry.—*Baltimore American*.

**Highest Inhabited Place.**  
The highest inhabited place in the world is the customs house of Ancoramarca, in Peru, it being 16,000 feet above the sea.

The funniest thing at an amateur concert is when a great big fine-looking woman comes out, looking like Nordica, and then begins to sing in a little cracked voice.

## THE THIRD DEGREE.

If the Master cares to judge me by the things that I have done, There will be no place in heaven for his foolish, erring son; If the Master's seen the things that I have wanted most to do, There'll be no salvation for me, for the devil knows 'em, too! But I've wanted true to want to do the things I knew were right— Say, can it be the likes of me'll have virtue in his sight?

I have soiled my hands with mischief, and I've wanted to do more, And it was but because I didn't dare, it wasn't done before; But behind the dirty deed I did, behind the wish I had, There's been a longing to be straight, a feeling I was bad; Though he alone has seen and known beyond that double sin— He knows my soul is somehow whole— say, will he let me in?

If there's any place beside the gate to live a life or so, I'd like to try it all again, before I'm sent below; I'd like to try to want to do what's right, and then, maybe, I'd get to try to do it, and at last I might be free! For a full-grown saint I know I ain't, and there's plenty more as bad, But give us time and I know we'll climb and make his heaven glad! —Gelett Burgess in "A Gage of Youth."

## Clouds Cleared Away.

## TRICKS OF COUNTRY FAIR FAKERS.



### CROOKED GAMBLING TOOLS SOLD TO FLEECE FARMERS.

**T**HE country fair is the harvest time for the genial faker. The faker is not a husbandman and he sows not, and neither does he gather up and bind into bundles, and yet, when the harvest season is over the faker has more money than the honest farmer who has tilled many golden acres. For the faker gets up early in the morning and goes to bed late at night, and he makes money all the livelong day.

The temptation to get something for nothing, or at least much for little, to flirt with coquettish fortune, is irresistible. Though a man knows full well that the faker is not at the fair merely for the sake of his health or for a pleasant outing, and that his tricks put to shame those of the heathen Chinese, still the victim will take the one chance out of a million of beating the game. He doesn't beat it, for the game wasn't rigged up so that he could beat it. Still he is willing to take the chance, and he suffers no disappointment when he fails.

Cheif among the catch-penny attractions of the faker is the cane rack. The cane rack outfit does not cost the faker much. A net rack may be bought for from 65 cents to \$1.25 and a canvas one for 50 cents to \$1.30. Canes cost from 50 cents a dozen to \$1.50 per dozen. Rings cost 65 cents per hundred. With this outfit and a permit the faker sets up his rack on four stakes, which are purposely loose, so as to allow the rack to sway slightly. Then he plants his canes.

The cheaper ones predominate, but canes with swelled heads are occasionally seen and here and there are crooks, some reproducing a miniature, smaller member missing, the torso of Venus. The rings vary from one and one-quarter to one and three-quarters inches inside diameter. The heads of some of the canes are almost as great in diameter, and those with crooks are turned in such a way that it is almost impossible to ring them unless the ring is dropped immediately upon them.

Nothing is more tempting than the striking machine, and nothing looks fairer. But these striking machines are ingenious arrangements, and in the words of an advertisement of a new kind now on the market, "can be manipulated without a helper." One of these may be had for \$5, thus making a gain of \$20, and some fakers make as much as \$50 a day.

The higher the cost of the wheel the more easily and quickly the money is made, as they are fitted with large pins to separate numbers or colors, and the arrow point has a screw feather, making a certain winner of any desired number or color and avoiding all possibility of dispute.

Nothing is more tempting than the striking machine, and nothing looks fairer. But these striking machines are ingenious arrangements, and in the words of an advertisement of a new kind now on the market, "can be manipulated without a helper." One of these may be had for \$5, thus making a gain of \$20, and some fakers make as much as \$50 a day.

The higher the cost of the wheel the more easily and quickly the money is made, as they are fitted with large pins to separate numbers or colors, and the arrow point has a screw feather, making a certain winner of any desired number or color and avoiding all possibility of dispute.

Red, white and blue is a dealing game. There is a "layout" with three shields on it, one red, one white, one blue. A box and sixteen balls, five of each color and one "dealer's percentage" goes with the outfit.

Players place their money on a given shield, a slide opens in the box, and out pops a ball. If the ball is of the same color the player puts his money on the wins. If not he loses. If this was a fair game the player, by the law of chance, would stand some show of winning, but as the box is "fixed" the dealer can produce a ball of any color he desires, yet any one not in the secret can examine the box at any time and find it a cheater.

There are half a hundred tricks worked with cards, and all of such a nature that they can be worked without the slightest fear of detection.

But the visitor to the fair is looking for fun. The faker and his outfit entertain him and he doesn't begrudge the cents apiece, are conspicuously display-

our wheels up, Dot, and will take our tintypes right away."

Dottie paid no attention to her, but came forward, all smiles and blushes, with outstretched hand. "Why, Hal!" she said. "I never dreamed that you had gone in the photo business! I knew you were in Hopetown, of course, and when Nell suggested that we should wheel down here and see her auntie, who lived in this neighborhood, I consented, and didn't write to you last week for fear I should let out the secret, for I wanted to surprise you. This is my future husband, Mr. Oakley, Miss Curtis, and now come on, let's get those tintypes."

I get the key and went over to the forsaken studio; found camera, plates, paper and chemicals all in good order, and early that afternoon Mother Farley, beaming with smiles and attired in her "Sunday best," came over to pose. How delighted she was when I showed her the proof the next morning, and that evening she carried it to the weekly prayer meeting and exhibited it to all her friends at the close of the service.

I finally yielded to their urgent request to keep the studio open for a week, and to make photographs of all who cared to have them.

On the afternoon of the last day which I was to spend in the studio I was mounting some photographs of an old maid with a hooked nose and cork-screw curls when I heard a gentle tap at the door. I called "Come in," and a very pretty girl, dressed in a neat bikini suit, entered.

"Good afternoon," she began, with a bright smile. "My friend and I are on a wheeling tour, and would like a tiny type taken with our wheels, if you are not too busy."

"I shall be glad to oblige you, and am at liberty to do so immediately," I said.

"Well, then," she said, "would you please bring in our wheels for us? My friend is at the door with them, but I am afraid we cannot manage to get them up the stairs."

We went down together, and there on the doorsteps stood Dottie! Before either of us could speak the other young lady exclaimed: "He will carry

Powerful as the tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.—London Telegraph.

### Desirable Qualities in an Opal.

In judging an opal, color is of the greatest importance. Red fire, or red in combination with yellow, blue and green, are the best. Blue by itself is quite valueless, and the green opal is not of great value unless the color is very vivid and the pattern very good. The color must be true; that is to say, it must not run in streaks or patches, alternating with a colorless or inferior quality. Pattern is described as being an important factor, the several varieties being known as "pinfire," when the grain is very small; "harlequin," when the color is all in small squares, the more regular the better, and the "flashfire," or "flashopal," when the color shows as a single flash, or in very large pattern. Harlequin is the most common, and is also popularly considered the most beautiful. When the squares of color are regular and show as distinct, minute checks of red, yellow blue and green, it is considered magnificent. Some stones show better on edge than on top.

### Sunday School Work.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-four Sunday schools were organized in destitute places by the American Sunday School Union last year. Besides these, 594 were reorganized and 9,123 old schools were visited or otherwise aided. About \$146,101 was received for missionary work, and 222 men were employed.

The proofreader points out the typographical error of the compositor's ways.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

"Do you think it is truly better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?" "Certainly, if he lets you keep the gifts."

Mrs. Guinnivice—I never have any trouble with baby. I've only to sing to him and he goes right off to sleep. Mrs. Phaser—What a knowing child!—Boston Transcript.

Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner tonight. Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble ye again!—Bazar.

Impenitent Lover—Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel. Wealthy Maiden—Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat, and less to wear. No, thank you.—Tit-Bits.

Kitty—My dressmaker says it is such a pleasure to fit a gown to me. Edith—Considers it a sort of artistic triumph, I suppose? The true artist delights in difficulties.—Boston Transcript.

After the surgical operation: Barber—What will you have on your face, with hazel or bay rum? Patron—Neither one nor the other. Just put on plain court plaster!—Judge.

Rats and the dog: Gentleman (indignantly)—When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them. Dog Dealer—Well, ain't that splendid for rats?—Tit-Bits.

The thing to do: "If you woke up suddenly in the night and found yourself in the den of a man-eating tiger, what would you do?" "I'd promise myself to quit drinking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She (in a whisper)—The little man we are passing is Robertson Stunter. He was one of the best known authors in the country once. He—Strange I don't remember him. She—But that was three or four months ago.—Life.

No favoritism: "Please, ma'am," said the boy who had been absent, "I was kidnapped!" "That is no excuse," replied the teacher; "I cannot allow you liberties simply because your parents happen to be rich."—Town Topics.

Your conversation, Mr. Heyviman," said Miss Peppery, looking very wise, but innocent, "reminds me of some champagne." "Ah!" exclaimed Heyviman, much pleased, "so sparkling as that?" "No; but it's extra dry."—Ex.

Employer—I'm afraid you've deceived me! You came here as a college graduate. Clerk—Well, what makes you doubt me, sir? Employer—Why, you just said in regard to a matter of business that I knew better than you.—Chicago News.

"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced drummer in the smoker, "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours." "What do you sell?" asked a curious one. "Baby carriages."—Syracusian Herald.

Vain ambition: "It seems impossible to break into society," moaned the parvenu; "this is the fourth time I have been operated on for appendicitis, and the only invitation I have received is one to call and settle with the surgeon."—Baltimore American.

Jakey was a little German boy, who was always late in getting to school. One day, however, he arrived before the bell rung, and running up to the teacher, he cried: "Vell, to-day, I am before at last. I always vas pheine before."—Philadelphia Times.

## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"You love her?" said Johanna.

"Certainly," I answered, "as my sister."

"Better than any woman now living?"

she pursued.

"Yes," I replied.

"That is all Julia requires," she con-

tinued; "so let us say no more at pres-

ent. Martin. Only understand that all

idea of marriage between her and my

brother is quite put away. Don't argue

with me, don't contradict me. Come to

see us as you would have done but for

that unfortunate conversation last night.

All will come right by-and-by."

"But Captain Carey—" I began.

"There! not a word!" she interrupted

imperatively. "Tell me all about that

wretch Richard Foster. How did you

come across him? Is he likely to die?

Is he anything like Kate Daltrey?—I

will never call her Kate Daltrey as long

as the world lasts. Come, Martin, tell

me everything about him."

She sat with me most of the morning,

talking with animated perseverance, and

at last prevailed upon me to take her a

walk in Hyde Park. Her pertinacity did

not give me any trouble.

"Well, Martin," she said that evening,

"you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia

has gone as English teacher in an excel-

lent French school, where the lady is

thoroughly acquainted with English ways

and comforts. This is the prospectus of

the establishment. You see there are

"extensive grounds for recreation, and the

comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the

friendly arrangements being on a thor-

oughly liberal scale." Here is also a pho-

tographic view of the place; a charming

villa, you see, in the best French style.

The lady's husband is an avocat; and ev-

erything is taught by professors—cosmog-

raphy and pedagogy, and other studies of

which we never heard when I was a girl.

Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and

in return for her services will take les-

sons from any professors attending the

establishment. Your mind may be quite

at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he

said—"quite out of the range of railways

and tourists. There will be no danger of

any one finding her out there; and you

know she has changed her name alto-

gether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen

Martineau are the same persons?" I ask-

ed.

ter herself? At any rate it would not do for either of us to present ourselves there in quest of Miss Ellen Martineau. It was finally settled between us that Johanna should be entrusted with the diplomatic enterprise.

Johanna put in the next day following down the clews Jack and I had discov-

ered.

"Well, Martin," she said that evening, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and comforts. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are

"extensive grounds for recreation, and the

comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the

friendly arrangements being on a thor-

oughly liberal scale." Here is also a pho-

tographic view of the place; a charming

villa, you see, in the best French style.

The lady's husband is an avocat; and ev-

erything is taught by professors—cosmog-

raphy and pedagogy, and other studies of

which we never heard when I was a girl.

Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and

in return for her services will take les-

sons from any professors attending the

establishment. Your mind may be quite

at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he

said—"quite out of the range of railways

and tourists. There will be no danger of

any one finding her out there; and you

know she has changed her name alto-

gether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen

Martineau are the same persons?" I ask-

ed.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but

"SITTING BESIDE THE DRIVER."

myself that she was living. There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.

"Not one," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English man'zelle—peste!—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, m'sieur, some months ago.

There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very intrepid, are the English man'zelles. She did not know a word of our language.

But that was droll, m'sieur! A French

demoiselle would never voyage like that.

The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman traveling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia.

At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau.

"Where was she going to?" I asked.

"She came to Noireau to be an in-

structress in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment.

"An establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat!

He! he! how droll that was, m'sieur!

An avocat! So they believed that in

England! Bah! Emile Perrier an avo-

cate!"

"But what is there to laugh at?" I asked.

"Am I an avocat?" he inquired derisively.

"Am I a proprietor? am I even a

cure? Pardon, m'sieur, but I am just as

much avocat, proprietor, cure, as Emile

Perrier. He was an impostor. He be-

came bankrupt; he and his wife ran away

to save themselves; the establishment

was broken up. It was a bubble, m'sieur,

and it burst."

My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to dis-

perse it.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but

"SITTING BESIDE THE DRIVER."

It could be no other than my Olivia! She had been living here, then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?

"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, monsieur. We have fever often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the information that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie, by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill, and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and disheartened; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed.

It was impossible. He maintained that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed.

He went with me to all the omnibus bureaus, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Noireau during the last month. No place had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

(To be continued.)

### SPOILED THE FLIRTING.

Pony Was a Racer and Had to Keep in the Front.

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wiry "cayuse" or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed an unexpected ambition to lead the procession, according to the New York Mail and Express. He let the "cayuse" have its own way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horses. It pranced about, jumped from side to side, and pulled the bit and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."

### Where Centenarians Dwell.

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German Empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

Further Information Wanted.

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the Judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the Judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:

"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

### Wanted to Be a Heathen.

Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Barmalai islanders)—I wish I was a heathen!

Sabbath-School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?

"The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gettin' somethin'!"—Harper's Bazaar.

### What He Was Doing Of.

Mrs. Kelly—Did yez hear of the fell

o' the way dyin' of Anglophobia?

Mrs. Googan—Yes mean hydrophobia!

Mrs. Kelly—No; I mean Anglophobia!

He wuz cheerin' fer King Ed-

ward! He wuz gang heerd him!—Judge,

Speed of Ocean Steamers.



## TOWN NEWS

Happy New Year.  
If you make a pledge, keep it.

Don't swear off, but swear on.

Henry Michenfelder's New Year's eve ball was a delight.

Mr. G. W. Bennett of Alameda was in town on New Year's day.

Mr. C. L. Benjamin of San Francisco paid our town a visit Sunday.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post office building.

The north wind of last week killed some of the newly planted trees at Julius Eikenroetter's place.

The suction pipes have been connected at the new artesian well and the well is a complete success.

Mr. L. F. Swift of Chicago, son of G. F. Swift, paid the plant of the Western Meat Company and our town a visit the past week.

The Ladies' Social Club of South San Francisco watched the old year out and the new year in at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell.

Mrs. D. Harrington has received intelligence from the Pension Department which indicates that she will shortly receive an increase of her pension.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

A lot of Japs employed by the S. P. Company at Millbrae got into a drunken row on Christmas day in which one of the little brown men was stabbed severely and another kicked nearly to death. One of the Japs named Shima was arrested by under-Sheriff Butts and lodged in jail.

On Tuesday afternoon a freight train southbound broke in two just south of the depot, where there is a heavy grade. The two sections of the train in some way got jammed together, causing a wreck and obstruction of the track, which delayed the afternoon passenger trains and required the wrecking train to clear the road.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Tanforan race track has been sold by the Land & Improvement Company to the New California Jockey Club. The club is now sole and independent owner of the three race tracks, lying in three different counties. The probabilities are that Tanforan will be closed and racing confined to Oakland until such time as Ingleside may be opened.

The fire fiend paid another visit to Halfmoon Bay on Saturday last, destroying the barns of George Mowry and Manuel Martin. Mr. Martin's loss amounted to \$1500 on which there was only \$150 insurance. The loss of Mr. Mowry reached \$2000, with \$1200 insurance. The energetic efforts of the hose company alone prevented a general fire.

### WAYSIDE NOTES.

Charles McConnolly, the efficient and obliging timekeeper of Warren's quarry, spent Christmas eve and day in San Francisco with friends.

Captain Webber of the tug Frolic picked up a four-inch line on his way from China Basin to Warren's wharf, which clung to the propeller with such tenacity that they had to beach the tug in order to remove the obstruction.

Hoffmann, "the wise one," visited home Christmas eve and spent the day having his annual fill-up, which is a matter of no small importance with Hoffmann.

T. Johnston on the 17th of December sprained his ankle working at the quarry, by making an aerial ascent in order to avoid making an obstruction of his agile form for a rock slide.

On the 15th of December of the past year the San Bruno Rock quarry celebrated the advent of 1902, by setting off a big blast which destroyed the most, boom and stiff legs, in fact, it destroyed most everything it came in contact with; it even shook up C. A. Warren's calm demeanor.

Big Collins had a not serious, but very painful accident on the evening of December 16th. Mr. Collins had the misfortune of stepping into a squirrel hole and spraining his ankle. On account of Mr. Collins' immense size and his whole weight of about 260 pounds falling upon his turned ankle made it a very bad sprain, and it will be some time before we will see Mr. Collins' smiling countenance on the San Bruno road again.

We need a few more enterprising men like Charles A. Warren to interest themselves in the resources of San Mateo county. Mr. Warren has just finished a large contract of rock with the Santa Fe Co. and has just completed arrangements for another contract of 200,000 tons of large rock.

Something unprecedented in the annals of California history happened at the San Bruno quarry. The presentation of very valuable gold watch and chain to Walter McMullen by the working force of the quarry through the kind offices of Mr. Pat Martin, the shift boss, on Christmas eve, is commendable. Mr. W. McMullen has been the superintendent of C. A. Warren's quarry a number of years and his sterling qualities are shown on every side, and that he is held in high esteem by his fellow workmen was plainly to be seen from the liberal way in which they all donated toward the token of time and friendship. Mr. Pat Martin, assisted by a number of his friends, made the presentation speech, which was short and sweet; Mr. Mc-

Mullen replied with words befitting the occasion. A bountiful spread awaited all those present and toasts were next in order and a delightful Christmas eve passed to record.

If there is no ordinance restricting shooting in San Mateo county it would be advisable for the supervisors of this county to pass some measure that will protect the residents of the San Bruno road from the heavy caliber rifles now being discharged all along the road.

Now that Claudio is of age he has been training for his coming-out party. He is much relieved to know that he was brought up so successfully and thought, inasmuch as he had passed through the perils of childhood, that his parents had guided him from infancy up and sent him to Grammar and High schools; and to cap the climax make it possible for him to reach the goal sent him to Stanford University. Now that Claudio has arrived at the age of discretion and the final coat of tar has been put on his list of accomplishments, every one looks upon him as the great Messiah of the rock quarry. But he learned that there are many serious ailments that may overtake a young man after leaving a university. Just before Christmas Claudio formed the habit of going to the site with Billy Van Dusen, who has a habit of wearing his hair in a football style and also has a serious attack of the chocolate cream order, but does not wear his whiskers in a Brian-Baren style. Claudio caught the Grand Opera fever, and he would go to the Grand Opera as often as he could muster the price and sit in a pensive mood and gaze yearningly at the leading Calves with the golden ringlets that hung down her back. After returning home at 4:30 a. m. he would hang around the cook house and say he didn't eat for any breakfast. Then McMullen, Bob Wilson, Pat Martin, Hoffman and "Horse" O'Brien would put their heads together and come to the conclusion that the only resort would be for Claudio to take one of Shaw's famous foot baths, as he had caught one on Warren's "La" car grips.

Mr. Matthew Cahill, one of the most promising employees of Warren's rock quarry, visited Baden on the evening of December 26, 1901. On his return trip he was not "slightly intoxicated," but calmly "embalmed" and claims he was robbed at just about the city limits, of \$6. Whether this is a pipe dream or something else, will be left to our esteemed friend Mr. Carroll to fathom.

J. E. O'Brien had a good time in the city celebrating Christmas. J. E. tells us that he was much pleased with the "witch" who told him his fortune.

The vandalism of San Francisco hoodlumism is plainly marked on every county water tank, recently put in place on the San Bruno road.

### BERLINGER-SCHROEDER.

At St. Vincent's church in Los Angeles, Cal., on December 31, 1901, Mr. Theodore Louis Berlinger and Miss Catherine Schroeder were joined together in the bonds of wedlock. Teddy made a good ending of the old year. He will bring his fair bride here and begin life and the new year together. We wish the happy pair a long life and a happy one.

### COLMA NOTES.

At the semi-annual election of Court Colma, No. 88, Foresters of America, the following were elected to serve for the ensuing term: Chief Ranger, W. J. Savage; sub-chief, Thos. Harrison; financial secretary, Antone Sturla; treasurer, Harry Pierce; secretary, Harry Robson; woodwards, J. Oakes and H. Moosi; guards, J. Bambach and A. Maerbi.

The sportsmen of this locality are meeting with great success duck shooting in the vicinity of San Pedro. They return heavily laden with choice birds.

The improvements on the public thoroughfares made by Supervisor Eikerenkotter through Ben Greene, are highly appreciated here. They make things look as if somebody cared for the place.—Redwood City Democrat.

### COAST NOTES.

Mr. Massey, the popular Tanforan jockey, came over Monday to spend Christmas with friends here.

Miss Mamie McGovern came down from South San Francisco to join in the family Christmas festivities.

It seems natural to see Supervisor DeBenedetto sunning himself again in front of his establishment these bright mornings. Though still weak he is slowly regaining his wonted vigor.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Mrs. George Eikerenkotter in lighting the candles on a Christmas tree at her home Wednesday night had a narrow escape from a serious accident. Her clothes took fire and in the twinkling of an eye she was shrouded in flames. Her presence of mind saved her. She dropped to the floor and rolling over several times extinguished the fire, suffering only a slight burn on the hands and a singeing of her hair.—Times-Gazette.

**MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.**  
Officers Find No Trace of the Missing  
Fred Ducroux.

The body of Fred Ducroux, the clam-digger, who with his brother is supposed to have been murdered near Millbrae two weeks ago, has not been discovered, although the marsh is daily patrolled by hunters. It seems hardly possible that the body could escape detection if it were floating, but it is thought that on account of the exceedingly high water it has been lodged somewhere among the high tules. If this be the case it may be many months before the missing Fred Ducroux will be found.

The sheriff is satisfied that a crime has been committed. There are numberless circumstances which go to support this belief. The missing skipper, the missing dog, the skuttled boat and the marks of violence on the body of the dead man make up a strong case. Fred Ducroux will be found.

An additional circumstance that supports the murder theory comes from W. A. Emmett, a storekeeper at Belmont. Emmett remembers to have seen both Ducroux boys in his store at

different times. On the Wednesday that they sailed from Seal slough Fred came to his place to buy provisions. He carried away with him quite a stock of bread, cheese and coffee. In the scuttled boat there is no trace of these provisions. It is improbable that they would have been stored in a place where they might have been washed away. The inference seems plausible that if Louis Ducroux was murdered his murderer took these provisions with him that he might live while hastening from the scene of his crime.

Redwood City Democrat.

### JUDGE BUCK AND MISS E. FITZGERALD JOINED IN WEDLOCK YESTERDAY.

Judge George H. Buck of the Superior Court of this county and Miss Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, sister of Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, the well-known Redwood City attorney, were united in marriage yesterday morning.

The ceremony took place in San Francisco and was witnessed by only a few of the closest friends of the happy couple.

It was known that they had been engaged for some time, but the date of the wedding had been kept a secret. The announcement of the wedding will therefore be a pleasant surprise to their many friends.

The groom is so well and favorably known not only in this county but throughout the state that any introduction at our hands would be superfluous. The bride is a young lady of many accomplishments, who numbers her friends by the score.

After a short honeymoon trip they will return to Redwood City to reside.—Leader, San Mateo.

### HOBOES AND TRAMPS GALORE.

Since the opening of the coast line a noticeable increase in the number of tramps has been noticed in this vicinity and the same reports have been heard from other towns down the line.

Since the through trains are now running over the coast division the tramps and hoboes are taking the new route and have given the old San Joaquin lines the go by. The New Orleans express stopped four times Sunday night between San Jose and San Luis Obispo to put hoboes off the blind baggage.—Leader, San Mateo.

### FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

### REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

### TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Post office.

General Miles resumed his duties in command of the Army at his office in the War Department last Thursday. It is said that he has decided to accept the situation with the best possible grace and will say or do nothing to continue the controversy. So far as known the incident will cause no decided change in his prearranged plans, official or social for the future.

**WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER AND GOOD REPUTATION IN EACH STATE (ONE IN THIS COUNTY REQUIRED) TO REPRESENT THE ADVERSE SIDE OF THE BUSINESS, IN THE FORM OF A "CASEY" OR "GARRETT" TO THE NAMES OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF SUCH PARTNERSHIP AS BENJAMIN S. GREENE AND JAMES T. CASEY, AND THAT THE PLACES OF OUR RESPECTIVE RESIDENCES ARE OPPOSITE OUR RESPECTIVE PLACES OF BUSINESS AS SUBSCRIBED.**

We further certify that as such partners, we propose to carry on the business of buying, selling, leasing and hiring all kinds of goods, wares, merchandise and personal property, we also propose to carry on the business of farming, contracting, teaming and transporting merchandise and all other articles for hire; we propose also as such partners to hire and lease farming, grazing and other lands for terms of years.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands this first day of December, A. D. 1901.

BENJAMIN S. GREENE,  
Colma, California.  
JAMES T. CASEY,  
Colma, California.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, { ss.  
County of San Mateo, { ss.  
We the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners, transacting business at Colma, in the County of San Mateo, State of California, and that the firm name in style of "Casey & Greene" of that name in full is Benjamin S. Greene and James T. Casey, and that the places of our respective residences are opposite our respective places of business as subscribed.

We further certify that as such partners, we propose to carry on the business of buying, selling, leasing and hiring all kinds of goods, wares, merchandise and personal property, we also propose to carry on the business of farming, contracting, teaming and transporting merchandise and all other articles for hire; we propose also as such partners to hire and lease farming, grazing and other lands for terms of years.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(SEAL) E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Endorsed December 9, 1901.

M. H. THOMPSON, County Clerk.

By H. H. SCHABERG, Deputy Clerk.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

Telephone—Red 1712.

San

# SISTERS OF CHARITY

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh—  
A Congressman's Letter.



Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recent letter from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:  
Dear Sir—"The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured."

## SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good result as the above letter testifies.

## SISTERS OF CHARITY

## All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic institution in Ohio comes the following recommend from the Sister Superior.

"Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character."

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold, cough and bronchitis."

## SISTER SUPERIOR.

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country.

The following letter is from Congress-

man Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:  
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen: —

I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing."

DAVID MEEKISON.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

## CONTINUOUS CROPS.

There are historic experiments that have been going on in England for the past fifty years in which a crop of wheat has been grown continuously without fertilization, and the yield has steadily fallen from what it was at first (I forgot the figure) until it now produces about twelve or thirteen bushels an acre. For the past twenty years there has been little, if any, difference in the yield, except slight fluctuations due to seasonal conditions, and it is believed that the yield that is now obtained measures approximately the power of the soil to produce a crop under perfectly natural conditions. It will produce annually, so far as we know, for hundreds of years twelve or thirteen bushels an acre. \* \* \* But not being satisfied with a yield of twelve or thirteen bushels an acre they have, by the use of fertilizers and manures, increased the yield on adjacent plots to an average of about thirty bushels an acre. In this forcing of the crop they have found that they could economically increase the production from that soil. The first we would call the natural fertility, and the second the acquired fertility. One is perfectly justified in recognizing these two characteristics in the production of the soil: What it will naturally produce through a course of years under the natural weathering of the material, and what it can be made to produce by the artificial application of more food material than the plant can secure through the natural weathering. If the natural yield from a soil becomes so low as to make it unprofitable, it may often be necessary to fertilize in order to make the soil productive.—Farm and Fireside.

## DECLINE OF APPLE CULTIVATION

There has been a very steady decline in the condition of apple orchards and in the quality of fruit, and this in the face of an increasing demand for good apples in both our home and foreign markets. This arises from two causes, the first from the general neglect and want of better care of our old standard varieties of apples, and the second from the want of greater effort to produce new varieties better suited to present conditions. There is need of the production of more apples of finer quality. What is it in an apple that gives the most satisfaction in its use? It is, first of all, high flavor, juiciness, fine grain and tender

flesh. If these qualities can be accompanied by beautiful and attractive color, it adds always to the value of the variety, but attractive color and appearance alone will not always satisfy the consumer. For a time a handsome apple will go first and most readily, but if appearance is its only good quality, when that fact is learned, there will be less satisfaction in using apples; the fact will be recognized that the fruit does not taste so well as it used to, and there will follow a less consumption and demand for this most desirable fruit. This raises at once the question, especially in Illinois, of the future value of the extension of the Ben Davis orchards. This apple has made a wonderful record, and it has undoubtedly made a great amount of money for those who have planted it.—Tribune Farmer.

## DRIED OLIVES.

From Carpinteria comes the query of what to do with the olive, and a suggestion that may be worth the trial. "A large crop of olives is reported for Southern California," writes O. N. Caldwell, "and some of the growers are not sure what disposition can be made of them, as the pickle industry can take but few and the oil mills are so few and so small that many olives will be lost if some way does not open for their disposal."

"If properly dried they can be kept until the mills can be ready to use them. They can be dried upon prune or raisin trays, but must not be spread too thickly or they will sour. The trays should be piled one upon the other, with spaces one and a half inches in thickness should be placed between the trays, made of sufficient for the air to circulate. Blocks short pieces of waste lumber, but all dampness must be kept from the top and sides. They can be dried well in the shade if the air can circulate through and over them. One tier of olives on each tray is sufficient and the fruit should be very ripe. If properly dried they can be kept in sacks like grain until time and opportunity comes to work them up."—Los Angeles Times.

A test was recently made at the Geneva, New York, station, with hens, ducks and chickens, to ascertain the relative value of vegetables and animal food. The results were very striking, and were entirely in favor of animal food forming a part of the ration.

## AMONG THE BIG ONES.

### CHICAGO BRANCH POSTOFFICES RANK WITH BIG CITIES.

Amount of Business Done at Board of Trade Station, Which Is the Largest, Surpasses That of Buffalo, Detroit, Kansas City and Minneapolis.

In the 190 square miles covered by Chicago's letter carriers there are forty-six postoffices known as stations, the building on the lake front known as the postoffice being the mother institution. The fact that they are only stations does not clothe some of them with the dignity they should have, for when the business of the Board of Trade station alone is considered it ranks with many of the great cities of the country.

The ten largest postoffices of the United States, not counting Chicago as a whole, are, in their order, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Baltimore, San Francisco, Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Then comes Chicago's Board of Trade station, the business of which in 1900 was \$876,000. This figure exceeds the post-office business of the city of Buffalo by \$69,000, Detroit by \$114,000, Kansas City by \$187,000, and Minneapolis by \$213,000.

Next in volume of business transacted is the Monadnock Building station, with a business of \$650,000, followed by Milwaukee with \$638,000. Incidentally the Chicago and Milwaukee postmasters receive the same salary. Chicago's Stock Exchange station is the next postoffice in size, and ranks with New Orleans, Indianapolis, Rochester, Denver and Newark. The "Crilly" station, at 167 Dearborn street, with a business last year of \$408,000, and the Masonic Temple station, with \$403,000, rank with Omaha, Providence, Columbus and Toledo. South Water street station leads Hartford, New Haven, Richmond, Jersey City, Dayton, Los Angeles and Memphis. The station at the Union depot is in the same class with Albany and Syracuse.

The next largest postoffice in the United States is substation No. 10, away out on West Polk street, which has the honor of being presided over by Clerk Jane Addams of Hull House. Although there are few people in that neighborhood who carry on extensive correspondence, Miss Addams' station did a business last year of \$223,000, putting it in the same class with Nashville, Tenn.

The Stockyards station does the same volume of business as Seattle and Scranton. The station at 428 West Madison street travels with Troy, Utica and Salt Lake City. The one at Lincoln Park ranks with Trenton, Duluth, Houston, Harrisburg, Mobile, Galveston and Spokane.

At this point offices doing a business above \$100,000 practically end, the 22d street station coming next, with about \$80,000 of business, and ranking with Springfield, Ill.; Elmira, N. Y., and Little Rock, Ark.—Chicago Post.

## SOME DIVORCE FIGURES.

### Percentage of Separation in Europe and Australia.

Happy marriages are commoner in England and Wales than in any other country, if the statistics of divorce are any criterion. These statistics at least show that comparatively few marriages are so unhappy as to occasion an appeal to the divorce courts. John Macdonell, the editor of the civil judicial statistics, has added to that publication the results of a foreign statistician's inquiry, showing the proportions of divorces to every thousand marriages in various countries. In Switzerland they were 40, in France they were 21, in Roumania 20, in Prussia 18, in the whole German empire 17, in Denmark 13, in Holland 12, in Belgium 11, in Sweden less than 11 (10.6) and in Austria under 5 (4.8), but in England and Wales they were well under 2 per 1,000—that is 1.6. The figures for Russia are given in a form unavailable for comparison, as the country is divided up into religions. Catholic divorces are naturally as low as 0.2, divorces of orthodox church people 1.7 and Protestant divorces 6.7. Mr. Macdonell has supplied the number of divorce petitions in the Australian colonies for every 100,000 population. According to this there is a remarkable preponderance of divorce in New South Wales. For 265 petitions granted in that colony there were only 7.5 granted in Victoria, 4 in Western Australia, 3.7 in New Zealand, 2.7 in Tasmania, 1.6 in South Australia and one in Queensland.

This also has been a great increase in recent years in the number of divorces and separations in the Australian colonies grouped as a whole.—London News.

## A CONGRESSMAN TAKES

### RANK OF KING EDWARD.

Congressman James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, has received the highest office in the gift of Scottish Rite Masons and he, therefore, ranks as a Mason with King Edward VII, and President Diaz of Mexico. The Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States met in Washington to celebrate its centennial. Upon the death of Sovereign Grand Commander Thos. H. Caswell, of San Francisco, a few months ago, Mr. Richardson, as Deputy Grand Commander, assumed the active duties of the exalted position.

Ceremonies befitting almost the coronation of a king, attend the installation of a Sovereign Grand Master. Only active members of the Supreme Council

participate in these solemnities, and of such there are but twenty-three, the Supreme Council being limited by the ritual to thirty-three, one for each State in the jurisdiction. There are a number of honorary members who are permitted to take part in the deliberations of the council, but have not the power to vote.

The office of Sovereign Grand Commander carries with it a salary of \$3,000 per annum. In addition the Grand Commander is given a residence for life in the holy house of the temple.

Here is probably the most interesting building in the Capital city. It is located in the heart of what was once Washington's most fashionable residence district. To-day the building—a spacious three-story brick with white stone trimmings—and its contents are valued at \$150,000. It belongs to the

store hours have been steadily shortening in this country for two generations. All stores were once open until late in the evening. They still are in London, in all its suburbs, and in much of the trade in its very center. A parliamentary investigation last year showed that practically all English retail shops were open until 8 o'clock five days of the week and until 10 and midnight Saturday.

Our cities have all adopted 6 as the hour for closing stores, but this has

taken over a generation to secure. This shortening of hours cannot stop there, and we are glad to say, has not stopped. John Wanamaker has been improving the condition of the retail traffic for forty years in Philadelphia, but he has done few things shrewder, keener, more able, or, we believe, in the end and in the beginning, more profitable to himself and the public than closing at 5:30 o'clock.

In a great store, as in all the greater enterprises of civilization—newspapers included—what is good for the store is good for the public, and what is good for the public is good for the store.

Grand Commander Richardson has already completed arrangements for moving into the building. The offices of the Supreme Council are located here, and Frederick Weber, Secretary General, is always in charge. The secretaryship, like the office of Commander, is a life position.

**Waste of Postage.**  
The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well-known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party, says the Times-Democrat, recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office.

We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to a point of explosion. One day a wire stamp fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court-plaster, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take to the United States Court, and forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat and went out.

As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened, and finally asked:

"Anything—er—wrong, sir?"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."

## FORESTALLED.

A retired sea captain and a lawyer, who were always at loggerheads, lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrible crash upstairs started him.

Upon investigation he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage, and soon discovered that it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library he pulled out his law books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain.

While thus engaged a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows:

"If you don't return those bricks at once I will put the matter in the hands of the law."—London Tit-Bits.

**Three Times and Out.**  
Mrs. Fosdick was sure she heard the crash of breaking china in the kitchen, but she felt she must be mistaken when she entered and saw the joyous face of her cook.

"I'm so glad Ol've broke it, mum," Bridget said, brimming with delight.

"Why, it's one of my best cups," said Mrs. Fosdick, surveying the remains.

"Yes'm," added Bridget, cheerfully, "but Ol've so glad it's done. Ye see, I had broke two of 'em before, an' I knew Ol'd have to break another before Ol' quit, an' it's a great comfort to have Ol' done."

"Well, see that you don't begin on another three," said Mrs. Fosdick, sternly.—Detroit Free Press.

## Serving a Double Purpose.

The proprietors of a Hartford restaurant utilize their garbage in a profitable way. Three years ago they bought an outlying farm. It was in a rundown condition, unsightly, and overgrown with weeds and bushes. A drove of hogs was placed upon the farm, and the table refuse carted out daily in cans and fed to them in a yard of several acres in the edge of a dense wood, half a mile from the road. Since then the farm has been brought into good condition, mowing lots cutting nearly five tons to the acre, the old "bush pasture" burdened with a heavy growth of millet, fourteen acres showing corn seven feet high, and ten thousand cabbage plants making a fine growth.

## Strong Men.

Miss Tourist—You have some strong and rugged types of manhood out in this Western country?

Stage Driver—Yaaa, miss, we havent out here that don't think it's nuttin' to hold up a railroad train.—Ohio State Journal.

## A Definition.

First Boarder—What is the exact meaning of "viands?"

Second Boarder—Oh! Things you get to eat when you don't board.—Puck.

Many a man's shiftlessness is due to the fact that his father bore down too hard on the grindstone when he was a boy.

Dibbs—She wasn't. That is a picture of myself at the age of 20.—London Tit-Bits.

You think some of your acquaintances act "funny." And you bet they think you act "funny."

## SHORTENING STORE HOURS.

### Half-Past Five Thought Not to Be Too Early for Closing.

The increase of civilization is measured by the decrease of the hours of labor. Every step in this direction improves the general condition of men and distributes more widely the results of labor and the fruits of industry by widening leisure.

Store hours have been steadily shortening in this country for two generations. All stores were once open until late in the evening. They still are in London, in all its suburbs, and in much of the trade in its very center. A parliamentary investigation last year showed that practically all English retail shops were open until 8 o'clock five days of the week and until 10 and midnight Saturday.

Our cities have all adopted 6 as the hour for closing stores, but this has taken over a generation to secure. This shortening of hours cannot stop there, and we are glad to say, has not stopped.

John Wanamaker has been improving the condition of the retail traffic for forty years in Philadelphia, but he has done few things shrewder, keener, more able, or, we believe, in the end and in the beginning, more profitable to himself and the public than closing at 5:30 o'clock.

In a great store, as in all the greater enterprises of civilization—newspapers included—what is good for the store is good for the public, and what is good for the public is good for the store.

Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction

Grand Commander Richardson has already completed arrangements for moving into the building. The offices of the Supreme Council are located here, and Frederick Weber, Secretary General, is always in charge. The secretaryship, like the office of Commander, is a life position.

## HOLY TEMPLE.

Our cities have all adopted 6 as the hour for closing stores, but this has taken over a generation to secure. This shortening of hours cannot stop there, and we are glad to say, has not stopped.

John Wanamaker has been improving the condition of the retail traffic for forty years in Philadelphia, but he has done few things shrewder, keener, more able, or, we believe, in the end and in the beginning, more profitable to himself and the public than closing at 5:30 o'clock.

In a great store, as in all the greater

enterprises of civilization—newspapers included—what is good for the store is good for the public, and what is good for the public is good for the store.

Grand Commander Richardson has already completed arrangements for moving into the building. The offices of the Supreme Council are located here, and Frederick Weber, Secretary General, is always in charge. The secretaryship, like the office of Commander, is a life position.

## HOLY TEMPLE.

#### THE HALLELUIA SONG.

What's the use in sighin' 'bout the thorns along the way?  
Better to be singin' an' a-hollerin' "Hooray!"  
Trouble's as you find it—  
Hurts the more you mind it,  
Never wuz a dark night without a dream of day!

What's the use in sighin' when the world's a-rollin' wrong?  
Better to be raisin' of a chorus high an' strong!  
Trouble's as you find it—  
Joy is just behind it,  
Never wuz a sorrow that didn't find a song!

Jest keep on a-grapin' when the dark has dimmed the blue,  
Hopin' an' a-hopin' that the light'll shine for you!  
Steady to the right  
In the battle for the right,  
Till earth joins in the chorus of your "Glory Hallelu!"

#### JIM'S SISTER.

THE doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient—a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward; a room that was always like a ship's deck, stripped for action, with its metal bed of white enamel, its metal table and its gray-green wall, decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily. It was a room of a dim light and a tempered shadow—one of those bare hospital rooms where you feel that the flame of life through it burns low, burns without a flicker, being protected and watched in its feebleness with no sentiment of love, but with the skilled care and the cool eye of unimpassioned science.

The nurse sat at the bedside, her hands folded in her lap, like a nun at meditation. There was something unlike in her face, in her placidity beside such suffering, in the almost melan-



"KISS ME, HE DEMANDED."

choly sweetness of the face of a woman who had looked many times on death, alone at midnight, and who had lived for a long year now in the constant companionship of pain.

But, indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing, with the subconscious alertness of the engineer who will sit musing with an eye on the steam gauge and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muttered fretfully. She soothed him with her voice—with a murmur of "Yes, yes. Go to sleep, then. Go to sleep," as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gingham of her uniform with a slow palm in an endeavor to loosen the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry clucking in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness.

She stood looking down at him, smiling with a motherly pity. His eyes were closed.

He had been as self-willed in his illness as a spoilt child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warning—while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor outside the door—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart—who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand.

Although she was not aware of it he had changed for her: from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled panting through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. And another time he had been writing on an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the hospital—she would be not only self-supporting but an aid to the others. \* \* \* There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The untiring run and bable of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile, that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary; he called her "Auntie," and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not sleepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, Auntie," and tried to raise his head from the pillow.

She shook her cue from him. "Yes you are," she cooed. "Go sleepy-bye, Auntie I'll tick you in." She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down.

"Night-night," he said, contentedly. "Kiss me night-night."

She touched his forehead with her finger-tips.

"Kiss me," he demanded. "Kiss me a night-night," and struggled to free his arms from the covering.

"Ssh," she said, and bent down to him. The linen screen at the foot of the bed hid her from any one who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with a childish smile pouting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth of perplexity. "Hello, old man," he said. "Where—?" He closed his eyes on a frown.

She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slumber.

He was sitting in his armchair taking a sun bath at a window that looked out on the dazzling world of melting snows. His visitors had just left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of "Nurse Blakely," with an impatience which he might have recognized as longing if his physical weakness had not disguised affection in him as an irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light-footed.

He crowed a feeble "Ah-ha! Did you hear what the doctor said?"

"What did he say?" She arranged his pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile.

"I'm to be humored, the doctor said; I'm to have my own way in everything."

"Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit."

He laughed now at the folly that had kept him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That fruit!" he said; "that was the most delicious—the most—. Do you know, Nurse Blakely, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was dying for something to eat—and I just took them!" She did not reply. "A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then?" she retorted with obstinate flippancy.

She was busying herself about the room. He was watching her every movement with an eye of invalid tenderness. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill!"

She affected a professional cheerfulness in the matter.

"Oh, you're well on your way to health," she said. "We'll soon have you back to your friends—"

"Nurse," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had—or want to have."

Her cloistered loneliness rose on her in a surge of bitterness.

"Wait till you've been away from here about a month. One feels very dependent and—affectionate when one is ill. It soon wears off."

"That's the way you always talk," he said moodily. Then, brightening: "I'll report you to the doctor. You're not humorizing me."

She did not answer. She smiled, having warded off the danger which his mild manner had warned her of. She seated herself in a chair and took up a book which she had put down on the table when his visitors had entered.

"What's that?" he demanded peevishly. "What are you reading?"

"Don'ts," she answered laconically. "Don'ts?"

"One Hundred Don'ts for Nurses," she read from the cover. "Things we are not to do."

"Well, don't worry. Your sins have been all of omission. It's the things you haven't done—"

She smiled serenely at the page.

"You might read it out at least," he said.

"Let me see." She turned the pages.

"I think that is probably included in the prohibitions: Don't let others know the secrets of the profession."

He clutched the arms of the chair.

"You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him.

He began to read: "Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting."

"Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations."

He looked about him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment!" He read again.

"Well, great Eli!" he cried, and read up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please."

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger to an accusing "Don't kiss your patient."

She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap. "Not even delirious patients?" he inquired.

She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say.

"Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzling over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up to my senses again. At first I thought it was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blakely a relative of yours? He was drowned—"

She turned on him with a cry of "Jim—Jim was my—my dearest brother."

"Good Lord," he gasped, and tried to rise. He sank back weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. "What a chump I am," he said at last.

"So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den. "How proud he was of you." The thought of her position there came to him in a shameful contrast. "What a brute I've been," he said, "and what an angel you've been here. To let you wait on me hand and foot like that. What a brute. Jim's sister."

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—?" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand—"forgive me? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it.

She tried to free her fingers. "Take care now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed, and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said.

"Let me go," she said, sobbing. "I—I want to wipe my eyes, you silly."

Her tone was itself a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### ART OF THE HINDOO FAKIR.

Many of His Mystifying Feats Accomplished by Aid of Hypnotism.

Captain James E. Parker, a well-known English traveler who has just returned from India, has added an entirely new and remarkable chapter to the many stories of Hindoo fakirs. It tends to bear out the charge that the fakirs hypnotize their audiences and cause them to imagine they see things which are not.

"The acknowledged greatest of all Hindoo mystic performances," said the captain, "and the one that has been told by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, while he holds the loose end of the string and then climbs it, with a knife between his teeth, following the boy assistant, who has preceded him. In this performance the spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by his trunk, fall to the ground, with the man sliding down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the quivering members and restores the boy to life.

"Well, I saw this performance once and once I didn't see it, and the latter experience was more wonderful than the former.

"I had some London friends visiting me and after having left them for a few minutes on the broad veranda of my bungalow I saw as I was returning the same fakir and his assistant whom I had seen perform the trick standing about forty feet in front of them apparently preparing for their performance. As I was about the same distance behind the Indians and had not been observed I stood quietly where I was.

"The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as though throwing it in the air and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air, with astonishment pictured on their face, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lit with pleasure and they loudly applauded.

"They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen and were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as themselves and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them."

Consistent.

"Are you a believer in woman suffrage?" asked Mrs. Strong of one of her young friends.

"Indeed I am," was the prompt reply.

"I think we should have the right to vote on every question, and to choose the government, and do everything that men can."

"Then why were you not at our important meeting last Tuesday evening?" asked Mrs. Strong, with some severity.

"You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him.

He began to read: "Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting."

"Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations."

He looked about him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment!" He read again.

"Well, great Eli!" he cried, and read up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please."

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger to an accusing "Don't kiss your patient."

An occasional change of feed will be relished by the fowls and will help egg production.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Comedian—"They laughed very heartily at my jokes to-night." Critic—"Ah, yes. Any old humor passes for good humor if the audience happens to be in good humor for laughing."

A Christmas Dinner That Was Not Eaten because of indigestion! This sorry tale would not have been told if the system had been regulated by the use of Nature's remedy, Garfield Tea. This wonderful Herb medicine cures all forms of stomach and liver ailments, strengthens, cleanses the body, purifies the blood and lays the foundation for long life and continued good health. Garfield Tea is equally good for young and old.

"So you want a job, do you? What can you do?" "Nothing in particular—but then work is not so much an object as good wages."

#### CAUSE OF FALLING HAIR.

##### Dandruff, Which Is a Germ Disease

##### KILL THE GERM.

Falling hair is caused by dandruff, which is a germ disease. The germ in burrowing in to the root of the hair, where it destroys the vitality of the hair, causing the hair to fall out, digs up the cuticle in little scales, called dandruff or scurf. You can't stop the falling hair without curing the dandruff, and you can't cure the dandruff without killing the dandruff germ. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Newbro's Herpicide is the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ. Herpicide is also delightful hair dressing.

Why is it that the retired policeman never gets arrest?

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness.

FITS after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 52 page bottle and treatment.

Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

#### FERRY'S SEEDS

For The Farmer

The Gardener

and

The Housewife

They cost a little more. They are worth a great deal more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere.

1902 annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.

Detroit, Mich.

Patents—Send no Money

But a model or drawing, with a description, and we will advise you. J. S. Duffie & Co., (Dept. A) Washington, D. C. FREE

# SYRUP OF FIGS

# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

AND SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

• • •

PACKERS OF THE

GOLDEN GATE AND MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

• • •

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.